

# MERRY'S MUSEUM.

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## Transporting Diamonds in Brazil.

**O**f all substances, the diamond is the most costly. It is usually colorless but it is sometimes green, yellow, red, blue, brown, and even black. It is chiefly valued as an ornament for the rich. Kings and princes in all ages have been proud to wear diamonds, and there has always been a strife among them to see which should possess the largest and finest.

Diamonds are found in India, in the

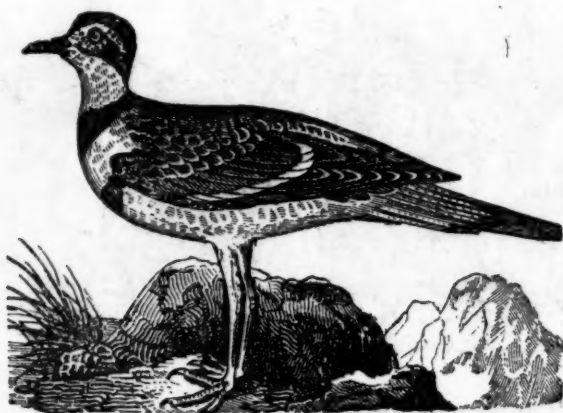
Ural Mountains, and in Brazil. The greatest quantity are obtained in the latter country. The principal diamond tract is around Tejuco. The country here is rough and many negro slaves are employed to search the sand and earth, among which the gems are discovered. The whole business is carried on by the government.

In this region there is a considerable river, which bears the long title of *Jiquit-*

*onhonha*. The waters have washed many diamonds into the bed of this stream, and here they lie among the sand. The river is therefore, in many places, turned aside, and the earth is taken out, and, being divided into heaps, is washed by the negroes seeking for the gems. When a negro finds a fine one, he is rewarded; if it is a very large one, he receives his freedom. It seems that these people, as well as the slaves themselves, seem to think freedom is worth even more than diamonds! Yet we are told that, if a slave steals a diamond, he is severely punished, while the Brazilians do not hesitate to rob these slaves of their liberty,

which they admit is dearer still. However, the rule in Brazil seems to be, that a white man may do that with impunity which would cost a poor negro his life.

Well, these negroes collect a great many diamonds — some large and some small. These are put into sacks which are placed on the backs of mules, and carried across the country to Rio Janeiro, the capital of Brazil. Formerly, the quantity taken was much greater than it is now; but still, every year, a considerable number are found. The annual expense of working the mines, even with slave labor, is about 170,000 dollars.



### Classification of Birds.

**I**F you walk into the fields you may observe a number of birds seeking for food. Could you get near to them, you would find a great difference in the shape of their bills, or beaks; and if you watched their habits very closely, you would find that those differences were exactly suited to the kind of food after which they were seeking.

Those birds whose food is chiefly small seeds, or crumbs, or insects, have tender, sharp-pointed bills; as the linnet, the wren, and the robbin. Those who feed on seeds which require the husks to be cracked, have stronger bills; as the sparrow, the goldfinch, the bulfinch, and others.

Birds which frequent soft, marshy

places, or which are much in the water, mostly feed upon worms, or small fish.



These have long, thin, pliant bills, which they thrust into the mud or sand, or which

they dart at once at the fish they wish to devour. Some of these, as soon as they find their food, draw their breath so as to suck it up into their mouths. Of this kind are ducks, sandpipers, snipes, rails, herons, and cranes.

There is another class of birds, such as the parrot, and the macaw, which are fond of nuts. These have very strong bills, of a hooked shape, with which they first crack the nut, and then dig out the kernel. How strong these bills are, many children find out, when they tease or mock them, or place their fingers or their cheeks too near the cages.

Then there is the class called *birds of prey*; as the eagle, the vulture, the kite,



and the hawk. These are fierce and cruel, feeding chiefly upon the raw flesh of animals. They have, therefore, bills of great strength, sharp and pointed, some of them with notches, which act as teeth, and assist them in holding fast their prey, and in tearing the flesh from the bones. Most of these birds soar to a great height; and, as soon as they discover their prey,

they dart at once upon it, seize it with their bills, and fly away to some spot where they may devour it without fear of being disturbed. These all "seek their meat in due season," according to the desire which the Creator has implanted within them.

The claws of birds, as well as their bills, are suited to their different habits

and pursuits. Birds of prey, who seize, and rend, and tear their food, have very legs, toes, and claws, for the purpose of grasping tightly round that upon which



strong feet, armed with sharp, hooked claws. Such is the case with the eagle, the vulture, and the hawk. Those which hop from twig to twig have light, delicate



they perch. Birds that walk or stand much have a flatter kind of foot, with short, stout claws, for the purpose of scratching for food. Some of the males have a strong, sharp claw, or spur, on the side of their legs, with which they can inflict deep wounds. Birds which live chiefly on the water, as swans, geese, and



ducks, have short, blunt claws, and are what is called *web-footed*; the bones of their toes being connected by a thick skin, which enables them to use their feet as paddles or oars when they are swim-

ming. Those birds which wade in the water, or stand in the mud, have long, slender legs, and half-webbed toes, and are able, many of them, to run very swiftly.

CINNAMON.—This tree is a species of bay, and is a native of Ceylon. Its leaves resemble those of the olive, and

the fruit resembles the olive or acorn; but it is the bark alone which is used as spice.



## Adventures in Japan, by Michael Kastoff.

[Continued from p. 116.]

## CHAPTER X.

**D**URING my stay at Jedo, I formed an acquaintance with an old Japanese, named Stumpito. He was a silk-merchant, and a man of considerable wealth. In his youth, he had lived some time at Nangasaki, the only port in Japan where foreigners are allowed to have any intercourse with the empire. The practice of associating with different sorts of people tends much to liberalize the views and enlarge the understanding of an individual. From this cause, I found my friend Stumpi to a man of much shrewdness, and of a liberal way of thinking. He was entirely free from the narrow prejudices which are common in men who lead a life of seclusion, and are acquainted with only a single mode of life, and a uniform tenor of thought.

Stumpito had acquired his wealth by trade; and therefore the nobles of Jedo affected to turn up their noses at him, although he had cash enough to buy a dozen of them; for it has happened in Japan, as in many other countries, that people outwardly profess to hold the distinction of rank higher than that of wealth. Merchants have not the right to bear arms; the general opinion being, that a man who makes money by trade must have done it by dishonorable means, and by oppressing his fellow-citizens. But this notion, so illiberal and unjust in its general application, is, to a great degree, contradicted in the daily practice of the people. Wealth is so powerful in all civilized communities, that it must have

its influence in spite of national prejudices and popular maxims.

Accordingly, it appears that even in Japan, riches do not fail to make their power felt in the state. Money, indeed, among the Japanese, as among the Europeans, supplies the place of talents, and dignity, and noble blood. The proud noblemen of Jedo, while they affect to despise the character of a merchant, feel a great respect for his money. I have frequently been in companies where I saw the officers of state and men of rank behave with great haughtiness and disdain toward merchants of the first respectability, treating them in that sort of style which we call "tipping the cold shoulder." Yet I was told that, in private, these pompous old stiff-necks were very familiar with the rich dons, and glad enough to finger their cash in the way of bribes and presents. The nobles, in fact, are under great obligations to the moneyed men of commerce; and the latter can often, by means of gold, procure offices and titles for their sons. The laws of Japan prohibit a merchant from rising into the rank of gentility; yet even here, where the laws are so rigorously enforced, the ingenuity of man can succeed in evading them through the all-potent influence of gold.

A Japanese "Manual of Politeness" is a very curious book; for it is hardly to be believed, by those who have not seen these people, how ceremonious they are, and what an infinity of compliments and forms of salutation pass between them on all occasions. Good-breeding is univer-

sal throughout Japan; for the lordly and supercilious behavior of the nobility toward their inferiors is a part of their code of etiquette. People of the very lowest ranks of society treat each other with a consideration that would be admired in those of the highest class in Europe. The sentinels of a guard-house never relieve each other without standing for some minutes making compliments and offering salutes.

This civility is exhibited toward young people as well as to old. The common compliment is a bending of the knee. When they wish to show a little more respect, they place one hand on the knee, and bow down to the ground; but this is only done in a room; in the street they merely make a motion as if they were going to do it. When they salute a person of rank, they bend the knee so as to touch the ground with their fingers, and draw in their breath, pronouncing the name of the person addressed, thus: "*Ai! Sampe, Stumpito*"—"Well, Mr. Stumpito." The common greeting of "How do'ye do?" is expressed by the Japanese in the words "*Gogro degusar*;" that is, "Have a heart." When they separate, they repeat their bows, and mention some time when they hope to meet again, as, "*Ai! Kogonotz*"—"Ah, nine o'clock;" or, "*Ai! mionidshi*"—"Ah! to-morrow;" which is equivalent to our "Good by!"

One most extraordinary mark of respect from the lower classes, toward the princes and grandees, is to bow with their foreheads to the ground, and then to turn their backs upon them, signifying that they consider them in so high a light as to be too good for common people to

look upon, contradicting the old English proverb, that "a cat may look upon a king." The lowness of the bows, to be made by the different members of the imperial family, is regulated by the insignia of their rank, namely, a sort of scarf hanging from the shoulders over the breast. The length of this scarf increases in proportion to the rank of the individual, and no one bows lower than to touch the ground with the end.

Stumpito frequently invited me to his house, which stood in a pleasant, airy spot, in the suburbs of the capital. Here I passed many agreeable hours, sitting under the shade of an arbor in his garden, and listening to his long stories; for old gentlemen are garrulous all the world over. Stumpito's garden was to me one of the most curious and interesting parts of all his domestic arrangements. It was impossible not to admire the beauty, magnificence, and good taste exhibited in this delightful spot. Some parts of it were paved with round stones and pebbles of different colors, which had been collected for this purpose from the beds of rivers and the beach of the sea. In other parts, the walks were laid down in gravel, cleaned every day; for, although the whole was arrayed in a sort of artificial disorder and irregularity, there was perfect neatness every where.

In the centre ran a wide alley the whole length of the garden. Flowering shrubs were disposed in parterres, on both sides, in the most picturesque variety. In some places were little heaps of rocks, or earthen mounds, in imitation of hills, ornamented with birds, or with brass figures of insects and butterflies. In one corner was a little rocky mount,

down which a rill of water dashed in gentle murmurs. Little thickets, and clumps of flowering shrubs, were clustered around this miniature cascade, to form a cool and shadowy recess; and close by was a pond, with gold and silver fish sporting in the clear water, and surrounded with a border of grassy turf and flowers.

Here we used to sit in the afternoons of summer and sip our tea, talking of my adventures in Japan, and what measures were likely to be taken at court respecting my stay in the country. One day, Stumpito received me with a look of uncommon meaning; and, after we had sat down to tea, he began hemming and ha-ing in a most unusual fashion. It was plain that he had something more than ordinary to communicate; but I could not, for the life of me, conjecture what. At length, having rolled up the whites of his eyes about a dozen times, and screwed the corners of his mouth into a queer variety of contortions, he let the cat out of the bag; and what does the reader think it was?

Nothing more nor less than this: My friend Stumpito had an only daughter, named Kisnicy, and he proposed that I should take her for a wife! My first impression at this proposal was, that the old gentleman was a little cracked in the brain-pan; but, on second thought, the matter did not appear to be quite so absurd on his part, for I had been long enough in Japan to learn that marriages are contracted by the parents without granting much liberty of choice to the children. Nevertheless, the overture was so entirely unexpected to me, that I hardly knew what to say in reply. To

tell the truth, old Stumpito's offer was something not to be despised, considering his wealth, and the fact that a wife is commonly bought in Japan, instead of being had for nothing.

I replied to the old gentleman with abundance of thanks, assuring him that I felt overpowered and struck three quarters dumb by the immensity of the honor which he did me in the proposal. I protested to him, that I looked upon him as the noblest man in Jedo, and fit to hold up his head with Quambuku Farawatta, the grandee who puts his finger into the emperor's porridge-pot. As to my accepting his offer, I told him nothing would give me greater satisfaction, provided the lady was willing, and we could agree as to all material points of housekeeping. For my part, I could not find in my heart to marry any lady against her will; and I put it to the old gentleman, whether it would not be best to defer taking any definite steps in the matter till Miss Kisnicy had been apprized of what was going forward.

To this old Stumpito agreed, much to my relief; for I was not so familiar with all the niceties and punctilios of Japanese etiquette as to feel quite easy lest I might have given mortal offence by making any demur in the business. As a preliminary, it was agreed that I should have an interview with the damsel the next day. Accordingly I did not fail to call at the prescribed hour, and was introduced to my Japanese belle, Miss Kisnicy Stumpito. I will give a short description of this fair creature, the "rose of Jedo."

She was about five feet high, and painted like a doll. Her original skin

was a clear white, and not yellow, like that of the men; for the females seldom expose their complexions to the open air. Her eyes were not round, like ours, but oblong, small, and sunk deep into the head, with a singular peeping expression. Her nose was rather thick and short, having a little of the puggish character. Her head was large in proportion to her body, with a thick, short neck; and her eyebrows were very lofty. I thought, at the first sight, that she had red eyes; but, upon further observation, I perceived they were chestnut, and that the red hue was occasioned by their deep position in the head. Her hair was black and well smoothed with oil and paste; it was dressed in two gigantic curls on each side of the head, like the wings on the helmet of a flying Mercury. Other parts of her head were diversified with flowers and ornaments of tortoise-shell.

She wore a silk dress, with a train several yards long and very wide short sleeves. For a pocket handkerchief she carried a sheet of paper; indeed, this is the only kind of handkerchief used in Japan. She also carried a fan, that indispensable appendage of both man and woman throughout the empire. Her teeth were white; but I was informed that, as soon as she was married, it would be necessary to stain them as black as soot, according to the universal custom of married women. Her lips were painted with rose pink; and this is all I can recollect of her charms. She was certainly handsome, but decidedly in the Japanese style of beauty.

We made a vast number of compliments to one another; and the lively little creature was certainly much entertained

with my visit; but this I had not the vanity to ascribe to my own accomplishments; as I knew that novelty had a great deal to do in the matter. I asked her if she could sing, to which she replied, "yes;" and immediately sent a servant for a musical instrument, something like a guitar. On this she played, striking the chords with an ivory stick, and accompanying it with her voice. I cannot say that I much admired the music, though the style was quite dramatic. The motions of the singer appeared to be designed to correspond to the words, and her attitudes were most grotesque. She made the most violent grimaces, winked and rolled her eyes about, frowned and grinned, laughed with one side of her face, and cried with the other.

I had the greatest difficulty in the world to keep from laughing outright at this strange exhibition; yet I would not have been guilty of such a piece of incivility, as I valued my reputation; for I was assured that this was the most fashionable and approved style of music known in the refined capital of Japan. I professed myself delighted with the lady's singing, and assured her that I never witnessed any thing equal to it, which was perfectly true.

Courtship, as the reader perhaps already knows, is rather an awkward business at the first trial. In my circumstances, it was embarrassing in a tenfold degree; for how could a Russian guess at the manner in which a Japanese young spark pays his addresses? Perhaps I might say the very things which I ought not to say, and affront the lady, with the best intentions in the world. In this perplexity I was relieved by the curiosity of



my little belle, who began asking me hundreds of questions about the people of my country — how they dressed and kept house, and got married, and brought up their children, and paid visits, and talked scandal; how the girls caught their sparks, and wives managed their husbands. When I had satisfied her upon these queries, I took the liberty to make some inquiries of the same sort respecting herself.

Miss Kisnicy informed me that she was sent to school at a very early age, where she was taught reading, writing, geography, and history, patience, modesty, and politeness. She was never whipped, and rarely scolded. When her father selected a husband for her, she was bound to marry him; but the Japanese husbands are not much given to jealousy; and it is even customary for husband and wife to separate voluntarily when they find themselves unfit for each other. The princes, the nobility, and the ambitious rich, who imitate them, keep their wives secluded, shutting them up in rooms to which no male persons, except their nearest relatives, are admitted. But this conduct is pursued not so much from jealousy as from pride. As for the women of other classes, they may visit their relations and friends, and appear in the streets and public places with their faces unveiled; but they are not expected to converse with any men, except in the presence of their husbands.

I was astonished to discover so many accomplishments in this young Japanese lady; for, to do her justice, I never met with a more polite, well-bred, good-humored, intelligent female in my life. In fact, among these people, no means are neglected in cultivating the minds of

youth, no difference, in this respect, being made between the sexes. In consequence of this, the women are exceedingly well informed; and, as they are excused from all interference in business, they have full leisure to complete their education. The Japanese system of instruction is very rational, being founded upon gentleness, and an early initiation into the principles of honor and honesty, by means of a constant exercise of the reasoning faculties. These young ladies are taught to read correctly, to write a neat hand, to speak with elegance and precision, and to reason justly. They also receive lessons in eloquence, morals, poetry, and painting.

In consequence of this system of education, the Japanese are remarkable for self-possession, modesty, and the restraint of their passions. To be loud in dispute they regard as extremely rude and vulgar. They bring forward their opinions politely and with many apologies, seeming to doubt the correctness of their own judgment. They never make objections in a direct manner, but always with circumlocutions, and in a manner suggestively. I never saw a Japanese exhibit any impatience or fretfulness.

But to go on with the story of my courtship. I will confess that my good opinion of the young lady increased every moment; and it was not long before I totally forgot all the singularity of her looks, and found her charms irresistible. In short, I fell desperately in love with her, and determined to accept the offer of the old gentleman, in case the daughter had nothing to say against the match. With this view, I gradually led the way to a conversation upon this delicate topic,

and, by various hints, gave her to understand what a scheme was in contemplation between her father and me.

Kisnicy behaved, I suppose, just as all well-bred modest young ladies in Japan do on such occasions. She hid her face, behind her fan, and called to her maid for sugar-plums. I was ignorant whether or not it was fashionable to faint in such a conjuncture; but, having broken the ice, I was determined to stand by, and see it out. By the way, I must remind the reader that we were both sitting flat on the floor, as every body sits in this country; so that fainting, whether real or imitated, is not so dangerous as in some other parts of the world. However, matters did not come quite to a swoon, though the lady appeared to be in a very pretty flutter.

I have not space here to describe all the little coquetries which were played off on this occasion. It is enough to say that this accomplished young miss acquitted herself with great skill, and went through the most becoming scene of confusion that could possibly be exhibited. In short, I obtained her consent; that is, she did not give me a flat refusal, which I looked upon as equivalent to saying yes. I took my leave of her with great ceremony, considering myself now as her betrothed husband.

Old Stumpito was highly pleased when he found we were likely to make a match of it. He declared that the wedding should take place immediately, and be celebrated in grand style. I begged him to inform me what steps it was necessary for me to take in the preliminaries. He directed me to go into the garden, pluck a green branch, and fasten it to the door of my intended spouse; after which I

might regard her as safe in my possession. I proceeded to do this, and then went home to my lodgings, musing upon the strange vicissitudes of my life. But a few months ago, I was a friendless prisoner, without a coat to my back that I could call my own. Now, with a hop, skip, and a jump, I had plunged over head and ears in good luck, and was on the point of becoming son-in-law to one of the richest men in Japan!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Historical Anecdote.

WHILE Octavius was at Samos, after the famous battle of Actium, which made him master of the world, he held a council, in order to try the prisoners who had been engaged in Antony's party. Among the rest was brought before him Metellus, an old man oppressed with infirmities and ill-fortune, whose son sat as one of the judges. At first, the son did not recognize the father. At length, however, having recollected his features, the generous youth, instead of being ashamed to own him, ran to embrace the old man, and cried bitterly. Then, returning towards the tribunal, "Cæsar," said he, "my father has been your enemy, and I your officer; he deserves to be punished, and I to be rewarded. The favor I desire of you is, either to save him on my account, or to order me to be put to death with him." As was to be expected, all the judges were touched with pity at this affecting scene; and Octavius himself, relenting, granted to old Metellus his life and liberty.

## Dress and Costumes.

[Continued from p. 107.]



It would be curious to trace the progress of dress in a single country from the beginning to the present time. Such an investigation would carry us beyond the limits of our little journal; but we may give a hint of what would be seen in reference to England, the home of our ancestors.

The engraving above represents the Britons at the time Cæsar invaded Great Britain—about fifty years before Christ. They were then very much like our savages—a fierce, warlike race, tattooing their bodies, or covering them with the skins of beasts.



About three hundred years ago, this was the costume of the country.

At a subsequent period, it was deemed indispensable that genteel people should

rig themselves up in attire such as is exhibited in our next engraving. The ladies of the present day are hardly less extravagant in their costumes. It is prob-



able that some merry artist will hereafter make sport of them, as we do now of the ridiculous specimens above.

If we pry into the history of France, we shall discover the same restless taste in dress, seeking out, from time to time, an infinite variety of costumes, as if the

decoration of the person was one of the chief occupations of life. In the old church of St. Denis, five miles from Paris, are the tombs of the ancient sovereigns of France, and among those of early times we find costumes like the following.



These refer to a period of at least 1300 years ago; and it is curious to reflect how much mankind were then, in their desires, as they are now. The dress of



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kings and queens was certainly different; | sonal decoration exists in our time as  
but the same attempt at distinction by per- | existed among those Carlovingian princes.



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The preceding cut presents the cos- | since, and the following figures may be  
tume of the French court 1000 years | referred to the sixteenth century.



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**ANTIPODES.**—If we suppose a hole to be | mer place. The antipodes to England is  
bored from any given place through | in the Southern Ocean, in lat.  $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  S. and  
the centre of the earth to another, that | lon.  $180^{\circ}$  W. At this place it is night dur-  
part would be the antipodes to the for- | ing our day, and summer during our winter.

## The Story of Chicama.

[Continued from p. 121.]

### CHAPTER XI.

**W**HILE the conversation detailed in the last chapter proceeded, the three travellers entered one of those fertile plains common among the mountain regions of South America. It was surrounded by a range of mountains, which gave it a secluded and sheltered aspect. It was dotted with patches of trees, standing in the midst of a space which bore the marks of the highest culture.

When this lovely spot broke upon the view, Chicama could not forbear an exclamation of surprise and delight. Turning his eyes upon the countenance of Rema, he perceived that she experienced similar emotions; but Orano was evidently occupied by very different feelings. He bent his keen gaze forward, and seemed to behold some spectacle of horror. "Alas!" said he, after a brief space, "the hand of desolation has reached even this peaceful valley. I am acquainted with these scenes, for here was my birthplace, and here I spent my early days. Though I have been absent for years, every tree, rock, and mountain top, is still familiar to me. I am a priest, and it is not meet that my heart should dwell upon childish memories. I have learned to cut asunder the ties of kindred, and bury love and friendship in the deep tomb of my bosom. But I could almost weep, — for behold yonder hamlet, once so lovely, now a heap of ruins!"

The companions of the priest looked in the direction to which he pointed, and could there distinguish a confused mass of objects, from which a thin tissue of

smoke was winding upward to the sky. As they advanced towards it, they saw that indeed the spoiler had been there, and the tracks of the horses' feet in the torn sod disclosed the authors of this scene of ruins. The Spaniards had indeed been here. This once happy village lay in the track of Pizarro, as he advanced into the country; and, as the people had considerable stores of gold and silver, his men fell upon them, and began to plunder their houses. The innocent people were at first stupefied with amazement, for they had never even heard of these fearful robbers. But when they saw their dwellings ravaged, and their women given up to insult, their spirit rose, and they resisted their plunderers. Self-defence, in a heathen, has always been a deadly sin, in the eyes of Christian soldiers, and the poor Indians were now devoted to destruction. The priest who accompanied the Spaniards pronounced a curse upon the savages: "They are enemies of God," said he; "strike, Spaniards — strike — for the cross and the crown!"

The soldiery, finding the impulses of religion and loyalty added to avarice, rushed furiously upon the people, and doomed men, women, and children to destruction. Having completed their work, they withdrew to a short distance; the priest performed solemn rites as a thanksgiving to God, for the signal triumph he had vouchsafed to his holy religion, and his chosen people, over the heathen — the enemies of God and man; and the soldiers indulged in a revel, cheered by the

rich bounty they had acquired. The night was spent in mirth, and the tales that were told of feats performed in the massacre contributed not a little to the gayety of the scene.

It was but two days after these events that our travellers reached the now ruined village. They hesitated for a time to enter the place. All around was as silent as the grave. Not a living being was to be seen. As they entered the little street which passed between the wrecks of a hundred houses, they saw mangled forms of people, of all ages and sizes, scattered around upon the earth. Some of them lay amid the dying embers of the houses which had been consigned to the flames, and more than one was partially consumed by the devouring element. Mothers were lying by the side of their infants, showing that they had perished in the defence of their offspring; a whole family — father, mother, and children — was occasionally seen lying around the door of their dwelling, in a bloody group.

The heart of Chicama was soon sickened by these spectacles of horror. Rema covered her face, and was led onward by the priest. The latter seemed seeking for some object of deep interest, till he came to a house which was left standing. He entered and gazed around. It was dark, and at first he could distinguish nothing. As he proceeded to a remote corner of the room, he was able to discover a human form stretched upon a bed of reeds. He laid his hand reverently upon the brow; it was as cold as marble. The form of the priest shook with emotion, for the lifeless body was that of his father. He, too, — his head silvered with

a hundred years, — had died by the Christian's blade.

Orano was soon restored to his self-possession. He led Rema forth, and left her with Chicama. He then returned, and with pious care dug a cave in the floor of the hut. There he deposited the remains of his parent, and then sat down by the side of the grave. Apparently wrapped in a trance, he continued immovable as a statue during the whole night. As the sun came up, and shone into the dwelling, the priest arose, and, after performing some mystic ceremonies, departed and sought for his companions; but it was long ere he could find them. During the night, they had taken shelter in a dwelling apart from the village. On entering this, they made a discovery which excited their utmost sympathy. On a bed in the corner of the room lay a youthful woman in the sleep of death. A Spanish sabre had entered her bosom, and she appeared not to have moved after the blow was struck. By her side was an infant, no doubt overlooked by the soldier who had slain the parent. The child was still living, and, though faint from want of food, was striving to draw nutriment from the breast which had hitherto been the fountain of life. Alas! how cold must be the bosom of a mother, when it refuses to give sustenance to her famishing offspring!

Our two youthful travellers were deeply touched by this scene. Rema seemed to forget her stately reserve, and, taking the child, sought to give it warmth by holding it to her breast. Chicama brought some water, and a small quantity was put into the mouth of the infant. A little potato meal was also taken from the sack

of the travellers, and, being moistened, was given to the child. But it was all in vain. The spring of life was exhausted. After uttering a few wailing sounds, a shudder ran through the little creature's frame, and it was numbered with the dead. Rema held it still in her arms, and wept over it. Then she washed away the blood with which it was covered, and finally robed it in a piece of coarse cloth which she found in the room. When Orano came, the mother and child were deposited in a vault which they dug beneath the floor.

The party were all anxious to depart from this scene of horror. They proceeded on their way in silence. After the space of an hour, the priest spoke. "What think you, Spaniard," said he, addressing Chicama,—"what think you of these scenes?"

"It is fearful," said Chicama. "My reason is staggered by what I behold."

"That may well be," said Orano; "for you are young, and know not the whole story of life. You are a Spaniard; and, like your countrymen, your heart is high and haughty. You came to teach the Peruvian that he was a savage—that you only were refined. You came to tell him that his worship of the sun is pure idolatry—a damnable heresy. You propose to offer him Christianity—the only true faith. Such is the preaching of your lips; but what is the preaching of your deeds? Let the desolated village and the ghastly forms we have just left furnish the reply. Chicama, there is a world of reckoning hereafter; the Spaniard and the Peruvian will be there. Pizarro, his soldiers, and his priest, will stand before the dread tribunal, and they

will be confronted by the spirits of these butchered fathers, these violated mothers, these murdered innocents. What then will avail your emblem of the cross—your haughty pretensions to the keys of heaven—your strings of beads—your costly masses—your long records of prayers, muttered in an unknown tongue? Will these stand you in stead before the God of truth and mercy? Will you dare to plead these, in the court of heaven, as an excuse for crimes which might make a tiger blush? O, sacred spirit! thou that dwellest in the sun! let thy light and warmth shine on my heart. Teach me the path of truth and mercy. Above all, save me from being bewildered by priestly craft. Save me from forms and ceremonies; for I see that they endanger the soul. I see these Spaniards highly religious in the performance of the rites which the priest teaches, while their lives are given up to every species of wickedness. How fearful it is to attempt to cheat God with hypocritical rites, so that we may indulge ourselves in the service of the devil! Yet this is the only meaning and use of Christianity, as it is presented to us by the Spaniards."

"I am unable to deny that there is much truth in what you say," said Chicama. "But it seems to me that you ought not to place to the account of my countrymen all the horrors which we have witnessed. These men are soldiers; war is their profession;—are they to be held responsible for all the blood that is shed in their contests? Is it right to call it murder, when one man slays another in battle?"

"Let me ask," said Orano, "what is war? Nothing more nor less than man



butchering man. We have just seen a specimen of his works. It is ever the same; it brutalizes those who carry it on; it makes beasts of men; it teaches human beings to do the work of fiends, and call it glory; it carries tears, anguish, and desolation in its path. The history of every battle is a history of horrors.

"And he who voluntarily makes war, and he who willingly pursues it, is a participator in this crime against heaven and earth. Let me tell you, Spaniard, no judge can shake from kings, priests, and soldiers the dread responsibility they incur by taking part in war. A man may defend his country, and for this purpose may become a soldier; but for no other. He may pretend that he goes to extend his religion, that he seeks to spread the light of civilization, or that he aims at the redress of wrongs. These are indeed the common pretences of conquerors. But they are shallow tricks, and disgrace those who use them. No man is deceived by these disguises; even those who fancy that by such means they hide the real selfishness of their conduct, will be struck dumb in the great day of account, by seeing their bald hypocrisy exposed."

"These are strange opinions," said Chicama, "and would be deemed absurd in the quarter of the world in which I live, where mankind enjoy the light of truth, art, and knowledge, and, above all, the light of true faith."

"No doubt," said Orano; "and what is the value of that light which shines only to bewilder mankind? I judge the tree by its fruits. I judge your religion by what it produces. It sends your countrymen to rob, murder, and destroy an innocent people. You may tell me it comes

from heaven: I denounce it as coming from hell.

"You think my opinions strange; yet what is my creed? I hold peace to be the duty of all men; to be the true policy of the king on his throne and the peasant in his cot. I hold war to be the great curse of man, and pronounce those who promote it as enemies of God and man. These are the revelations made by Manco Capac to my country ages ago. These are the fundamental points of faith in the creed of Rem, and these are the bases of action to every true worshipper of the sun. It was by the observance of this policy that the incas civilized a savage race, and extended their empire from Quito to Aranco. It was through this policy general as the orb that enthrones Deity, that happiness was spread over the land, that abundance crowned the labors of the miner, the artisan, and the tiller of the soil; and that virtue dwelt in every heart.

"And now I compare my religion with thine. I compare the worship of the sun, which teaches peace, with the worship of the cross, which teaches war. Can I hesitate which to prefer? Is it difficult to determine which is true and which is false? which is calculated to bless and which to curse mankind? which is of heaven and which of hell?"

"I must say again," said Chicama, "that I am no theologian, and therefore shall not dispute with you on these points. But in determining the responsibility of those who engage in war, it seems to me that you do not consider that it has always been deemed not only lawful, but the very path to glory; it is embellished by every thing that can captivate the im-

agination and stir the higher emotions of the heart. Heroes are the leaders of armies; their gallant achievements are the undying themes of minstrelsy. Music inspires the march, and glittering banners float over the long array. Nor is even this all. Kings and princes reward the successful soldier; the holy church goes into the battle, assuring future salvation to those that fall, and pronouncing blessings on those who survive. There is a more stirring motive presented to the youthful soldier than this. Fair dames bestow their choicest favors on him who has shed the most blood in battle. To you, Orano, an aged priest, whose heart is dead to the warm impulses of early manhood, it may seem strange. Yet let me tell you that the smiles of women have more to do in promoting war than even kings and priests, the crown and the cross."

As Chicama uttered this sentence, his eye chanced to fall on Rema, and he could not fail to remark a shudder which passed over her frame. Orano, however, replied without seeming to notice it. "You speak of things which I do not well comprehend—of a state of society so monstrous as to shock and confound my understanding. You claim for Europe a high state of civilization; yet, in fact, you represent society as sunk in the deepest barbarism, cherishing, as the path to glory, on earth below and heaven above, the cutting of each other's throats! Those who excel in the trade of shedding human blood are heroes, immortalized by the song of the minstrel, and rewarded by the seductive smiles of woman. To you this may seem a pleasing and harmonious picture; to me it is a fearful and revolting mystery.

"Yet, if it presents things I cannot comprehend, this is at least clear—that war, the great brutalizer of the human race, is cherished by your kings and priests, by your systems of policy, and by your religion. What must that policy and that religion be which sustains such a system? which bestows the highest rewards on murder, and trains even the gentler sex to look with especial favor upon him whose hand is most deeply dyed in blood!

"And one thing more—as to the responsibility of those who make war. Mankind are very apt to try to shake off individual responsibility, when they act in masses. Yet this is the mean trick of the debauched and debased. Look at an army—a countless throng; they seem one simple machine; yet every individual has a soul, and the record of every heart rises every moment up to heaven. Let us consider this truth, and we can easily see that every soldier of the mighty mass is condemned of his own heart and of Heaven. I speak now of those who engage in unnecessary war—in war of invasion, in any other war than for the defence of home and country. The chief responsibility lies, no doubt, upon those who stir up the strife—upon such rulers as begin and promote the contest. These are monsters, though they wear the human shape; and if there be such a thing as future account, heavy indeed is their reckoning. But even those who are seduced into their toils,—the needy, the ignorant, the misguided,—these are voluntary sinners. The light of the human heart cannot be so quenched as to permit any man to engage in unnecessary war without a consciousness of wrong. Every

soldier, the lowest and meanest, in such a war, knows better. That man may not shed his brother's blood, is written on every human heart; and every man is a brother till he crosses our threshold and threatens life or liberty.

"There is another mode by which mankind seek to blind their minds, analogous to that we have noticed; and that is, by looking at wars in the gross, and not in the detail; by looking at its incidents, and not its results; by dwelling on its pomp and circumstance, its proud arrays, its gaudy decorations, its stirring music, and its gallant achievements, without contemplating its more serious and essential consequences. War is an evil, not only to the conquered, but to the conqueror. Every step is downward. The soldier exchanges a state of freedom for the most absolute slavery. Martial law is the sternest of despotisms, a military officer the harshest tyrant. In camp the soldier may enjoy his revel, but he learns debauchery and degradation as a recompense. He is taken away from home, from the kindly influence of society, of friends, and the institutions of religion. If he waste not his strength in dissipation, his heart at least is corrupted by vice. Such are the evils which steal upon the soldier, even in his intervals of repose.

"And what is his situation in the more active periods of service? He is taught to ravage and destroy without remorse, nay, with a feeling of savage triumph. In battle, he takes the chance of life or death. He may sleep forever, and his scattered bones be bleached by the sun and wind of a foreign land. He may be wounded, and, after dragging out days and nights of agony, amid dreams of home and kindred,

he may expire. And what can solace his mind in this dread hour? Alas! the vulture, that sits waiting and watching by his side, is more merciful than he; for, while he destroyed the living for the lust of empire or of gold, the unclean bird will not glut its appetite till the last spark of life has departed from its prey!

"And then let us think of the conquered town or city. Let us consider the frantic screams of women, as they fly from the brutal soldiery, ready to slay, or worse than slay, those whom every manly heart should desire to protect. Let us think of the desolated hearths, the broken hearts and fortunes, in that devoted place. Go to this scene when the battle is done. Listen to the cries, the curses, the wild ravings of the wretches around, maimed, bleeding, despairing! O, the thought is too horrible! Still men think they may promote such scenes, and escape accountability!"

"And yet," said Chicama, "we see all nations at war, especially savages. Strife seems indeed to be the natural tendency of man."

"If it be so," said the priest, "a religion which proposes to correct the natural propensities of man ought to teach wiser lessons, and produce a happier state of society. A religion which not only permits, but teaches war, has no claim to the title of divine. A system of policy, which is compelled to cite the example of savages, is not worth defending."

Orano paused, and the party proceeded for some time in silence. They soon entered a broken country; and, as night approached, finding no dwelling near, they took shelter beneath the thick branches of some fir-trees. It was near morning

when they were disturbed by a confused noise, like that of the marching of a large body of men. On looking around, they saw a numerous band of Peruvians advancing through the valley in which they had halted. They had scarcely time to arise, when they were discovered, and in a few seconds were surrounded and taken into custody by the strangers.

The party proved to be a company of soldiers belonging to the emperor, Atahualpa, and now going to join him at Caxamalea. They offered no violence to the three travellers; yet they seemed to regard their discovery and capture as a matter of interest and importance. Orano yielded to circumstances, apparently unconcerned

as to the issue of events; but in truth his heart was troubled. Rema was not less disturbed. For a moment she looked at Chicama, and he could discover in her look something like an appeal to him for defence; but she immediately drew her mantle closer round her face, and clung to the side of Orano. The whole company now moved forward, and the young Spaniard was permitted to walk with his friends. It was no time for words, and they proceeded in silence, giving each other an occasional look of intelligence or inquiry. At last they entered the city of Caxamalea, and our adventurers were placed under a guard, and conducted to prison.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



### The Ant.

**T**HE ant is a very small insect, often carelessly trodden under foot. Yet it affords striking proof of the wisdom of God, and teaches many useful lessons to man.

Knowing that winter will come, it pro-

vides itself with food, and builds a house in which it may dwell in safety and comfort. Some of their houses, or nests, are very large. Some kinds of ants, found in hot climates, build nests from ten to twenty feet high, large enough to contain



twelve men. If we were to build our houses as high in proportion, they would be twelve times higher than the monument of Bunker Hill.

Solomon tells the idle and thoughtless to learn wisdom from this wonderful creature—"Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise; and he says, further, to those who will not think and work like the ant, "Thy poverty shall come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man."

As the ant is esteemed an emblem of industry and frugality, so the butterfly is deemed an example of idleness and folly.

## "Take Care of Number One!"

[Continued from p. 109.]

### CHAPTER XVI.

IT would make a long story if we were to relate all the incidents that occurred to our young adventurer upon the desolate rock, where he had been thrown. These were not, indeed, very remarkable, but they were connected with lively feelings and deep emotions; and if we had space, we should present them to the reader. It must suffice to say that, for four tedious months, he continued in his lonely retreat, without seeing a human being. The winter season had set in, and nothing could be more dreary than the scene. The rain, snow, and sleet fell without the intermission of a single day. Neither sun nor moon was visible except at intervals, and then only through a canopy of drifting clouds and a hazy sky. The winds blew from the ocean without cessation, and often with incredible fury.

The surges, lashed by the gale, rolled in giant masses against the rocks, making them tremble to their foundation. The hollow roar of the "ever-toiling tide" continued day and night.

In the midst of these scenes, it may well be believed that our hero's heart sank within him. He was obliged, on account of the weather, to keep himself almost exclusively confined to his cell; and here the lazy hours dragged heavily along. O, how did he yearn for a companion, for the society of one to whom he might speak—to whom he might pour out his feelings! "I once thought," said he again and again to himself, "that I was made for myself alone; that I was independent of all mankind. It was my maxim to take care of No. 1. I was accustomed to feel that I had no ties to my fellow-men; that I had nothing to ask of them; that they could claim nothing of me. Alas! how sadly have I been mistaken! Providence is teaching me my error. The lesson is indeed severe; but nothing less, perhaps, could make me duly feel the selfishness and folly of my former life. The maxim of 'Take care of No. 1!'—to think only of one's self, without regard to others,—is fit for brutes, but not for human beings. These wild and savage birds act out my foolish and short-sighted system to the life. Each one lives only for himself; the strongest rules. To fill their stomachs is their heaven, their highest idea of bliss. To realize this, each one exerts his strength, careless of his neighbor. The weak are sacrificed; the sick and wounded are tumbled into the sea. Might is right. And this is the perfection of selfishness—the realizing of my creed. How degrading is it for a human being to

take his rule of action from the brute creation! O, if I live to return to society, how different shall my conduct be!"

This, or something like this, was the burden of poor Jacob's reflections at the period of which we are speaking. Nor did his mind fail occasionally to return to his early friends. Then he reproached himself for neglecting to make any return to them, and especially to one who had sacrificed his money, his comfort, and perhaps his very means of subsistence, on his account.

Thus passed the dreary winter. When the spring began to return, Jacob was wasted to a shadow, partly by anxiety, and partly by a want of comfortable lodgings and suitable food. As the days grew longer, the icy crust melted away from the rocks. He began to ramble about more freely. In one of his excursions, he remarked that the reef of rocks which connected the island upon which he was cast with the main land was now high above the tide. The idea of passing over this to the opposite shore immediately entered into his mind. He walked down to the isthmus, and attempted to put his plan into execution. But he soon found that the rocks were more rugged than they had seemed, and that rough surges still whirled and foamed between them. He, however, observed that the waves were becoming more tranquil, and he had little doubt that, as the spring advanced, the passage might be made. Filled with hope, he returned to his cave, and enjoyed a long and sweet repose.

In the morning, he returned to the reef, and day by day repeated his visits, until, at the end of a month, he resolved, at all hazards, to attempt the passage. Taking

advantage of a pleasant morning, he began his enterprise, and in the space of four hours, by swimming and leaping, he reached the extremity of the reef. This consisted of a perpendicular rock, some thirty feet in height, between which and the shore was a strait of at least a hundred yards in width. Plunging into the waves, he swam toward the land; but what seemed a tranquil piece of water was in fact a rapid stream, caused by the tide. The swimmer was therefore carried away, like a fragment of drifting wood, upon its surface. He immediately saw the necessity of putting forth his utmost efforts. Yet he advanced but little toward the desired point. For full an hour he struggled with the tide, and now was within a hundred feet of the shore. But his strength was nearly gone. Already a sense of faintness had come over him, and more than once a dark cloud fell across his sight. While his heart was thus sinking, and his brain beginning to reel, a strange, uncouth image suddenly presented itself to his vision.

Along the coast of this portion of South America there is a race of savages called *Fuegians*. They live chiefly by fishing, and are the most hideous-looking people on the face of the globe. They have no dress but skins; their hair is black, long, and matted. They are short of stature, thin, and wasted; their eyes are black and piercing, and their countenance has an expression scarcely human.

At the moment that our hero was about to sink, hopeless and helpless, into the ocean, it was one of these strange people, seated in a rough canoe, that suddenly came upon him. The meeting was as surprising to the savage as to the sailor.

They both gazed at each other for a moment in utter amazement. The next instant, the Indian seized a fishing spear that lay by his side, and was about to plunge it into the back of the swimmer. Already was his arm uplifted, and the contraction of a single muscle had finished the career of our hero. Human life, with all its hopes and fears, its remembrances of joy and sorrow, of success and failure, often turns upon the pivot of a single thought, a single action. Had that savage been governed wholly by Jacob Karl's maxim, — "*Take care of No. 1!*" — think only of yourself, — his spear had been instantly plunged into the body of the sailor. This was the course suggested by the first thought of selfishness and safety; but even a savage is a man, and in the present case, seeing that the object of his surprise and fear was in fact helpless, something like sympathy took possession of his bosom. After pausing a few moments, he pushed his shallop near to the youth, and, with some effort, drew him into it. But before this was accomplished, Jacob had entirely lost his consciousness, and for a considerable period continued in a swoon. When, at last, he recovered, he found his deliverer pushing his canoe rapidly through the water, keeping close to the shore, turning and winding in and out with the rugged outline of the rocks that formed the boundary of the sea.

After a space of two hours, the Fuegian landed, and made signs to Jacob to follow him. Climbing among steeping rocks, they reached an elevated plain covered with tall trees. Passing on for a quarter of a mile, they reached a hamlet, or village, of about a dozen huts, built of

branches of trees. Three or four dogs came forth, yelling with all their lungs; but, when rebuked by the Indian, they slunk away growling and fixing their eyes upon Jacob.

The village was soon alive with excitement; and not a little surprise was manifested on all sides by the appearance of our adventurer. His white skin excited their utmost amazement. The women at first appeared a little shy; but they soon grew familiar, approaching the stranger, patting his head, and putting their hands upon his arms. One of them gave him a sharp pinch; and there was a general titter as Jacob repaid the offender by a pretty smart slap on the side of the head. The children came round, putting out their black, shaggy heads between the crowd; and some of the more adventurous dogs approached, stretched forth their snouts, and smelt suspiciously of the stranger.

The excitement was at last over, and Jacob was feasted upon some unsavory fish. Late at night he was permitted to retire to rest, being supplied with a bed made of the skins of curious birds, called penguins. In the morning he rose much refreshed. After staying at the village for four days, during which he was treated with much hospitality, his deliverer prepared to depart; and, having made Jacob understand that he was to attend him, the two set forth. They soon reached the canoe they had left; and, entering this, they made their way in a north-westerly direction along the coast, for the distance of a dozen miles. Here, after turning a rocky point, they saw before them a small bay; and it is not easy to tell the delight of our young sailor,

when the savage lifted his finger and showed him a vessel lying at anchor in the distance. Making their way across the bay, they were at length so near the vessel as to attract the notice of the people on board. A signal was hoisted, and Jacob desired his conductor to proceed to the vessel. This he refused to do; but he advanced close to the land, and, telling the youth to jump ashore, he pushed off, and sped like an arrow across the bay in the direction from which he came. Jacob perceived that the Indian had brought him hither to put him in communication with the people of his own race, and he felt the gratitude due to such an action; but he was not permitted long to indulge this train of thought. A boat was sent to him from the vessel, and, as it came near, he saw that the man at the helm was no other than his old friend Larry.

We need not dwell on the scenes that followed. Our hero was carried on board the vessel, which proved to be a schooner from New England, sent in search of seals. Already its cargo was taken in, and in the course of a few days it set out on its return. During its passage, Jacob had an opportunity to relate his adventures to Larry, and to hear some interesting news in return. The latter had lately been to B——, the place in which Jacob had spent a part of his early life, and where some of his adventures, already related, had occurred. He told him of the family of farmer Lane, and Jacob's heart beat not a little as he dilated upon the sweetness and beauty of Mabel, now a girl of sixteen. He also spoke incidentally of people in the vicinity — of lawyer Sponge, a man of great wealth, and who

lived in the finest house in that part of the country; of a queer person called *Leather Man*, who was esteemed half sage, half fool; and many other things, all of which interested Jacob in the highest degree.

Jacob listened with intense interest to these details, and was strongly tempted to open his heart to his friend; to tell him his early history; to confess his follies; to discuss the awkward circumstances under which he was driven from his home; and to explain the reason he had for believing that he had been wronged out of his father's estate by Sponge. More than once he was on the point of broaching the subject; but he felt a kind of shame which withheld him from actually beginning. At last an incident occurred which finally changed his views.

One evening, as Larry and Jacob were sitting on the bowsprit, the former again spoke of his visit to B——, and, turning suddenly to Jacob, he said, "By the way, I sometimes thought I had fallen on the track of your own early history; for many people spoke to me about one Jacob Karl. If I had not known that your name was *Jacobson*, and that Jacob Karl was too much of a rogue, I should have fancied that they were speaking of you. It seems he was a sly, cunning sort of a fellow; and, after performing various tricks, he set fire to an old deacon's barn, which burnt him up, with his fat wife and six small children! That was too much; so the rogue was caught and shut up in prison; but he was helped out by an old witch, and escaped to sea. Strange tales were told of his adventures; some saying that he turned pirate, and others declaring that he was swallowed up in Hell Gate, near New York. Every body agreed that he



was a prodigy of evil, except Mabel Lane and Leather Man. It struck me as strange that these two should always have insisted upon the innocence of this Jacob Karl. They admitted that he had some bad traits of character, but they excused him by saying that he was only unfortunate in his education; they declared that he was in fact a good-hearted youth, and they both desired me, if I ever met with him, to give him assurances of their good will."

It will be easily guessed that, during this recital, Jacob's cheeks tingled; but as it was evening, his emotion was not remarked by Larry. From this time he shunned the subject of his early history; but his mind dwelt with mingled pain and pleasure upon what he had heard. He yearned to go back to B——, and to visit the scenes of his childhood, painful indeed as were many things associated there. He desired to express to his friends his appreciation of their steadfast kindness, and he desired also to clear his reputation of the foul stain which rested upon it.

A change had come over him. The idea of living for himself, also, had passed away; he had begun to feel the value of a good name, and the necessity of society to happiness. Perhaps, too, he had an undefined hope that he might recover from lawyer Sponge the amount of his father's estate, which he justly believed to have been wrested from him by fraud. But when he took a view of the whole case, he felt that it was impossible for him to visit B——; that the general feeling there was against him; that he had no means of proving his innocence of the grievous charge laid at his door. What, then, should he do? This question often

came into his mind; but weeks passed on, and he could not answer it.

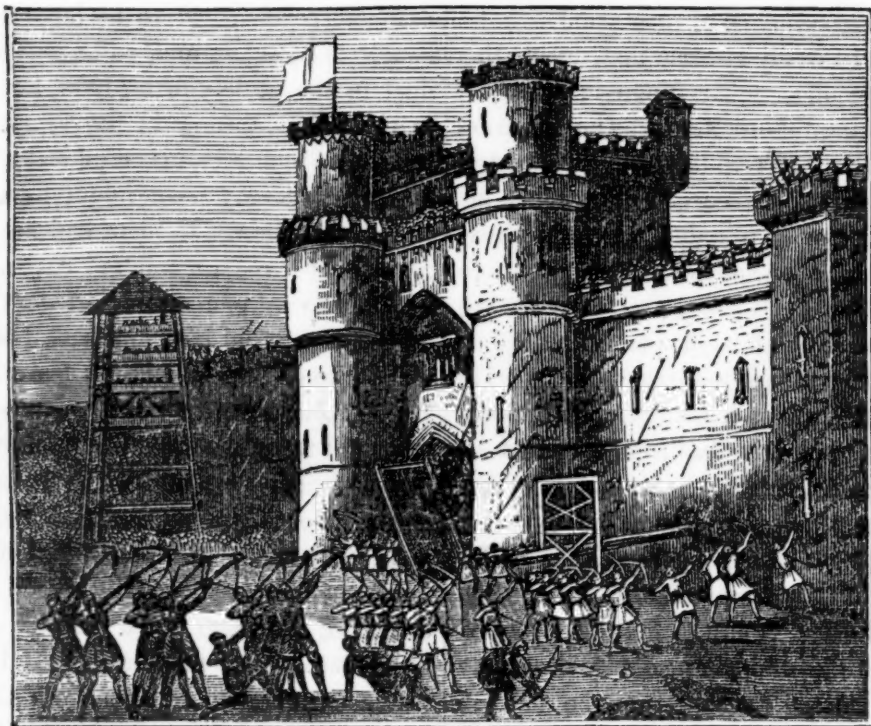
The little schooner made her way northward till she reached the vicinity of the West Indies. Here she was damaged by a hurricane, and obliged to put into Jamaica for repairs. Jacob, not being regularly engaged on board, here left the vessel, and, finding no better employment, went to work on a fort that was then undergoing repairs. Here he labored for a couple of months; and, as he was a good deal in the society of soldiers, he began to think of enlisting in the army. His mind was in a very unsettled state, and it is not easy to say what might have happened if a strange incident had not cured him of his bias for a military career.

All the workmen on the fort were under a kind of martial law, and each man was obliged to do occasional duty as a sentinel. At last Jacob's turn came. It was near midnight when he took the firelock, and began to pace up and down before the castle gate. The road sloped from this point down to a dark, narrow ravine below. Jacob's eye naturally turned in this direction, for there was a kind of mysterious look about the place. At last he saw a form slowly emerge from the valley, and advance towards him. It came up the road at a measured pace, and, having approached within a hundred feet, Jacob, as was his duty, gave the accustomed challenge. "Who goes there?" said he. "Who goes there?" was echoed from the hills around. After waiting a moment, Jacob called out again, "Who goes there?" No answer was returned. The dark form paused, and stood erect and immovable. Jacob could only dis-

cover the dusky outline of the apparition; yet it was so distinct as to admit no doubt of its substantial reality. Again he asked, "Who goes there?" and he added, "If you don't speak, I shall instantly fire!" This threat was boldly uttered, but the soldier had no desire to put it into execution. This firing in the dark, this

shooting a human being down in cold blood, was not to his taste. But no answer could be extorted; the mysterious visitor was dumb. Jacob's duty was imperative; the case admitted of no choice. He brought the firelock to his cheek, took aim — and fired!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



*Ancient Castle Gate.*

## Talks and Walks; or, Ike, Izzy, and I.

[Continued from p. 124.]

### CHAPTER III.

**I** WENT with my two companions to the Hotel of Europe, which is said to be the best in Havre; yet we found it more like an old castle than one of our clean, bright, American hotels. It was

rather cold, and we ordered fires to be made. The servant brought some little sticks of wood, and built a starveling fire in a deep chimney, so far back that Ike said we needed a spyglass to see the blaze. We afterwards found that this miserable mode of making fires is common in

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France, and even in Paris. The people do not seem to understand, nor to appreciate, the luxury of keeping warm in cold weather.

The next morning our breakfast was excellent, especially the coffee. In France, the people do not make coffee as we do, but they make it much better. They are careful to have the grains of coffee well burnt and well ground. Hot water is then passed through it, and the decoction is made very strong. The cup is poured one third full of this, and then boiling hot milk is poured in till the cup is brimming full. Two lumps of sugar make the beverage complete. It is really delicious, and, what is well worth remarking, this "*coffee and milk*," as the French call it, is not hurtful, like our strong coffee, with only a spoonful of milk in it. I hope all our readers will take note of this, and I especially request every one of them to ask their mother to make "*coffee and milk*" for once, just to try it. Be sure and let the milk be piping hot, and use two thirds milk, and only one third coffee. If any body don't like it, they need not try it again.

Well, after breakfast we sallied forth. It was a clear, bright morning, and we could see patches of white frost here and there in the street. But as the sun got higher up, it became warm, and at noon it was really delightful. My young companions were greatly diverted with the odd appearance of every thing. The streets were very narrow and crooked, and at each side, the old, queer-shaped houses rose six or seven stories high. The streets were full of people, and the larger number seemed to be women. These had no covering on their heads,

except muslin caps. Some of them were sweeping the streets, some trundling handcarts, some carrying bundles, some selling things from little stalls. The people were very gay, and gabbled like a flock of geese in spring time. Children and dogs seemed to abound. Here was a little girl riding on a donkey; there was a huge cart drawn along by a little bit of a pony staggering beneath his load.

We walked about hither and thither, amused with every thing. Some of the shops were very fine, and my young friends kept exclaiming, "O, see there — what is that?" "O! see those nice sugar things!" "O, pray, papa, buy me that!" &c. &c. At last we came to one of the walls of the city of Havre. You must know, kind reader, that this was what is called a fortified town, and was quite surrounded by a huge wall, some twenty feet high. Outside of this is a deep ditch. These fortifications were built many years ago, when making war was common, and every great town was provided with the means of defence against enemies. We have no such walled cities in America, but they are common all over Europe. It is true that wars have been less common within a few years, even here, than formerly, and such defences are permitted, in many cases, to fall into decay. Such is the fact with the walls of Havre. They are, in many parts, quite in a ruinous state, and are not particularly worthy of note; but they were interesting to our young travellers, as being the first they had ever seen. Ike was greatly excited by his observations upon them, and remarked that he could now much better understand the accounts he met with in

history relating to the sieges and assaults of fortified cities. He mounted upon one of the walls, and began, with a look worthy of a sage, to instruct Izzy in the military art.

"There," said he, pointing to the ditch outside the wall, "that trench is called the *moat* or *fosse*. When an enemy approached, it was filled with water. Bridges led across the moat, but were drawn up at night, or when the enemy was coming; so they were called *draw-bridges*. This top part of the wall, where we are standing, was called the *parapet*. The walls, you see, are not in a uniform line, but go zigzag, like one of our country rail fences. This form was adopted so that the soldiers upon the parapet might better fire upon the enemy when they came close. Yonder sharp angles or points, jutting far out, were made very strong, and were called *bastions*. Some of them were solid, but others were hollow, and would contain hundreds of men. Really all this is very curious, and it is so interesting to see what I have so often read about!"

"It is very curious, indeed," said Izzy; "but how did the people get in and out of the city?" "Why, there were gates," said Ike, seeming to feel that he was competent to tell the whole story. "These were open, in time of peace, during the day, but were shut at night. The gates were made very strong, and on each side was a kind of tower for the porter or sentinel to live in. The gate itself was drawn up, and was so arranged as to be suddenly shut in case of need. It was called the *portcullis*. I think I have read somewhere of an ancient knight who attempted to get into a castle. The port-

cullis was up, and he put his horse at full speed to dash in before the gate could be closed. The porter saw him coming, and in the nick of time let the portcullis go. Down it came with a clang, and cut the knight's horse right in two."

"I guess you made that up," said Izzy.

"I might have dreamt it," said Ike, "for aught I know. At all events, the thing is very likely to have happened; for these old knights were wild fellows, and used to ride about, seeming to be as anxious to get into a scrape as most people are to get out of one. And beside, these old porters, who guarded the gates, made no more of cutting a man in two with a portcullis, than our cook does of slashing sausage meat with a chopping-knife."

Thus we pursued our walks and talks till we had got beyond the city to the north; and as the path seemed pleasant, we continued to pursue it till we reached a queer little village buried in a deep ravine, called St. Adresse. Passing through this, we ascended a lofty hill, and soon came upon a most surprising scene. The hill terminated in a precipice, at the foot of which was the ocean. This lay outstretched to the north and west, as far as the eye could reach. To the south lay the city of Havre, its harbor filled with shipping, and beyond, winding far away, was the coast of France. To the left was a hilly country, in the midst of which was a shining stream, bending and twining like a huge serpent. Both the children exclaimed at once, "O, see that beautiful river! What is it?"

"You must guess," said I.

"Is it on the map of France?" said Ike. I replied in the affirmative. "Well, let me think," said the boy. "The four

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great rivers of France are, 1st. The *Rhone*; but that runs south, and empties into the sea at Marseilles. 2d. The *Garonne*; but that flows west, and empties near Bourdeaux. 3d. The *Loire*; but that also flows west, and passes by the city of Nantes. 4th. The *Seine*; that flows west, and empties at Havre. I've got it. It's the *Seine*."

"You are right," said I; "that is indeed the *Seine*." "O, how strange," said Ike, "to be in France, and see the *Seine*! I never thought I should really see that river. I've read about it in Parley's Geography, and I've seen it in the map. It was there only a little crooked line, as long as a pin; but here it is a real river, after all. It's curious to think how much the little maps which we find in books do actually mean. How nice it is, Izzy, to travel about and see what we have read of in our little books! They seem like old friends, don't they? Beside, that river runs right through the city of Paris!"

"Does it, really?" said Izzy to me; and, as I told her Ike was right, the idea of being at Paris seemed to seize her fancy, and she began to dance like a very sprite. Ike then caught her by the waist, and the two went whirling and gambolling around till they were out of breath.

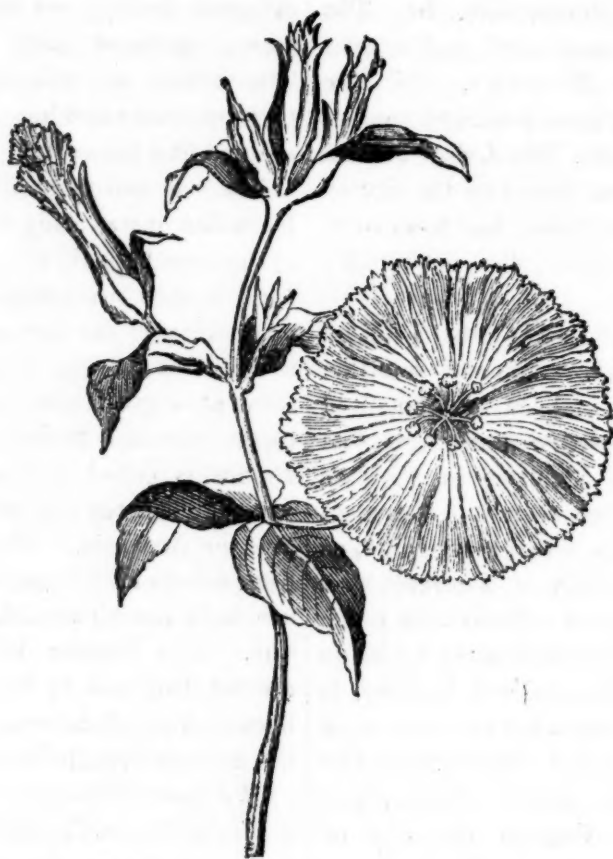
After a long ramble we retired to our hotel, and began to make preparations for our departure. The next day, we entered a diligence, and were whirled rapidly out of Havre. The diligence is a kind of stage-coach, with four apartments. We had taken the middle part, called the *interior*, and found ourselves very comfortable. The road from Havre to Paris is excellent; and though it is hilly, and the

diligence heavy, yet the horses, being strong, galloped away at a brisk rate. The drivers are noisy fellows, and keep up a constant cracking of the whip, which seemed like fireworks.

There is now a railroad from Havre to Paris, but it was only finished to Rouen at the time I speak of. I was glad of it, for I wished my companions to see the country; and this they could better do in a diligence than in a rail-car. On we went at a good rate, passing through a most beautiful region. This part of France is called *Normandy*, because it was settled, many centuries ago, by *Northmen*, or *Normans*. The people here are descendants of the ancient Normans, and are light complexioned, like their ancestors. The famous William, who conquered England in the year 1066, and became king of that country, was king of the ancient French Normans.

We passed through many fine towns and villages, and Ike and Izzy kept putting their heads out of the coach, exclaiming, "O, see that." "O, is not that beautiful?" "O, what place is that?" &c. &c. I was almost wearied with their thousand and one questions. However, we were all in excellent spirits, and took every thing gayly. Nothing pleased my young friends more than the pretty, snug cottages and farm-houses we saw along the road. Most of these were shaded with clumps of trees, and the gardens were still full of flowers, though it was late in November. At last we reached the old town of Rouen. Here we paused for the night, and as the place is worthy of description, we must adjourn to another chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



### The Study of Flowers.

**E**VERY body is attracted by flowers. Their forms, their colors, their odors, their springing up so strangely from the earth,—all these things render them objects of never-ceasing interest. In all ages and in all countries, they have been the theme of poetry and song. In Turkey they are used as a kind of language; and with us almost any common flower has a meaning attached to it. There are many pretty books in circulation, which relate to the ideas and sentiments conveyed by flowers.

But beside this kind of interest in flowers, founded upon the pleasure they give

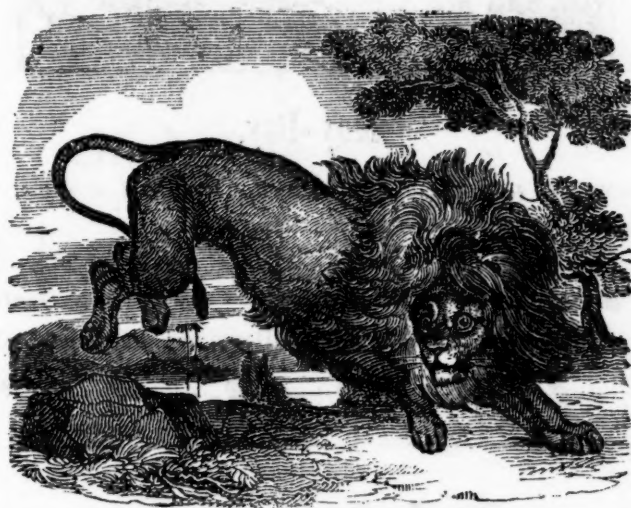
the senses, there is another of a still more substantial and intellectual kind. The science of flowers, called *botany*, is one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all human studies. When we look at a blooming meadow, its flowers seem a mere endless mass of varied hues and forms; yet, if we sit patiently down and compare one plant with another, the most wonderful system, plan, harmony, and arrangement will be disclosed.

Thus the careful study of flowers will show us the hand of God in their production, and we shall be led to trace to him these beautiful creations. Thus another

tie will be formed between us, who derive so much pleasure from flowers, and the beneficent Author of all things.

And if we pursue our botanical studies still farther, other views will rise upon us. We shall see that the vegetable kingdom is the link between the animal and mineral; that vegetables draw their sustenance from the mineral world; and that animal life is wholly dependent upon this

process. We shall see that ships, houses, furniture, bread,—the leading articles for the shelter, clothing, and food of man,—are all drawn from the vegetable world; and thus our views will be expanded to a consideration of the great and comprehensive plan of the Creator, in providing for the family of man and the myriad creatures that look up to him for their daily bread.



### The Lion's Home.

**T**HE retreat of the lion is called a *lair*, which is, indeed, the name given generally to the spot to which wild beasts repair for quiet and repose, and for rearing their young.

The *lioness* selects a spot the most private and difficult of access. She is so fond of her young, and so afraid lest her retreat should be found out, that she tries to hide her track by brushing the ground over with her tail. Should she be disturbed while with them, she will carry them to some other place in her mouth, and will defend them to the last moment.

The lion is seldom to be found in his lair, unless feeble from age, or when gorged with food, or when the sun is powerful. At such seasons, he usually sleeps; it is rather difficult to awaken him, and when he awakes suddenly, he often loses his wonted presence of mind. The Bushmen of Africa seek him at this period, and if they find him in an unguarded state, they lodge a poisoned arrow in his breast. The moment he is thus struck, he springs from his lair, and bounds off as helpless as a stricken deer. A few hours after he is sure to be found dead.



## May-Day.

WORDS AND MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

Hark! the joy-ous birds are singing; Down the hill the brooks are ring-ing;

See the dai-sies, all a-bout, On the hill-side peep-ing out.

Hear the geese in yonder pool;  
 List the lay of chanticleer;  
 See, the boys are out of school;  
 Come along, my lasses dear.  
 Caroline, and Kate, and Jane,  
 Ben and Bill, come down the lane.  
 When all around are full of glee,  
 Lads and lasses, why not we?  
 Do not tarry — all is fair;  
 Mirth and music fill the air;

Toss your dolls and books away;  
 'Tis the joyous first of May.  
 Come! for lo, the lambs are skipping;  
 Let us be as free as they;  
 Let us o'er the hills be tripping;  
 'Tis the joyous month of May.  
 See, the birds are all a-wooing,  
 Low and soft, in yonder bowers;  
 Girls and boys, let us be doing,  
 Making love to May-day flowers!